

Conf
Perm
12mo
#676

Accession 101 0
Conf Pam 12mo #676
D99060854+



ANECDOTES FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

GRATITUDE FOR OUR VICTORIES—HOW BEST TO EXPRESS IT.—Gratitude, the fruit of love, is the noblest passion of the human soul. It brings happiness in the ratio of its depth and purity, and the dignity of the object toward whom it is exercised.

The citizens of Mobile showed true gratitude to God for our late victories before Richmond, by a munificent contribution of ten thousand dollars to relieve the wounded and sick soldiers who nobly fought and suffered on that occasion.

How full was the fountain of gratitude in the heart of that worthy Georgian, who gave so many casks of rice to relieve the wives and children of the soldiers who fought and won on the same occasion.

Now run the contrasts between these expressions of gratitude and those extravagant feasts for the rich—grand balls—the waste of gunpowder and great consumption of wines and mean liquors; grand serenades and brilliant processions, and speeches of fulsome flatteries of mere human prowess and skill. The former create a thousand springs of holy gratitude and joy, which shall flow as long as life and memory endured. The latter, evanescent as the fumes of wine, pass away in a few brief hours, leaving no moral or physical blessing to cheat life's toilsome journey.

Visiting the sick, feeding the poor, and healing the wounds of the patriot soldier, we not only do service for the cause of our bleeding country, but we do it unto God.

It is a token of coming victories and speedy peace, to know that the leading officers of our army and our government have an abiding sense of dependence and trust in God. Let all our people and our armies follow such noble examples. Let us be "a nation whose God is the Lord." Thus, having peace with God as a nation, He will make our enemies to be at peace with us. Let us show ourselves worthy of the boon we fight for, then our gratitude to God for victories and for peace will be a deep and perennial fountain flowing on for many generations.

May God give us grace and strength to do our duty, then shall the invader flee from our soil for ever, and our husbands, sons, and brothers soon return to greet their loved ones at home.

SOLDIERS OF THE SOUTH.—Soldiers of the South, Napoleon told his warriors in Egypt that from the summit of the pyramids forty centuries looked down upon them. Without the language of rhetorical exaggeration, we can say to you that from ten thousand anxious homes the eyes of mothers, sisters, wives, and children are looking upon you—looking upon you, their brave and beloved—looking upon you as their only help and hope, save that God in whose hands are the issues of battles, and to whose Almighty Throne arise day and night those prayers of faith which he has promised to answer and to bless. Inspired by such reflections, let our gallant sons of the South once more give their glorious

2 B12
Conf
Perm
12 mo
#67

banners to the breeze, and let the resolve of every heart be "victory or death." The whole South looks on; the world looks on; the fate of future generations trembles in the balance. Never did such calamities visit a civilized and christian people as those which now threaten every Southern home, and which can only be averted by the power of Heaven and your own strong arms. The result we cannot doubt. Now, let there be no delay; not an hour's procrastination; it may be now or never.

GENERAL WASHINGTON IN CAMP.—Some thirty years ago the New Yorkers were preparing to celebrate the 4th of July, and by a voluntary courtesy one of his descendants sent the General's tent, that he had used during the Revolutionary war, to New York, to assist in the celebration. The General's body-servant brought it, and bore a letter to the New York committee, asking that some attention should be paid to him, which was done. He was a quadroon, but a fine, dignified, and noble looking old man.

The tent was pitched in the Park, where the writer of this saw it. Shortly afterward he went up the Hudson river on a steamboat, and this servant was on board, and told him some of the habits of General Washington during the war. He had a fixed hour for rising in the morning, and going to that part of his tent where his breakfast was to be prepared for him, he would enter this place and take a chair, and seat himself by the breakfast table in his morning-gown, and with the Holy Bible before him, and read until breakfast time, and when his man would say to him, "General, your breakfast is ready," the General would draw out of the book

a silk ribbon that was bound with the book, and place it between the last pages which he had been reading. The servant then brought his boots, which he would immediately draw on, throw off his morning-gown, and put on his military coat, and mount his horse, which was ready at the door. Then would commence the labors of the day. This is a true account of the camp life of General Washington during the Revolution.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE IN BATTLE.—There are facts in the autobiography of Rev. John Haime, which strikingly illustrate the power of a vital christian experience to strengthen, and cheer, and gladden the soul even amidst scenes of carnage. We quote them, that our brethren who are called into the war may be incited to rise to the height of their privilege as sons of God.

With respect to the battle between the French and English at Dettengen, our author says:

“It was very bloody; thousands on each side were sent to their long home. I had no sooner joined the regiment than my left hand man was shot dead. I cried to God, and said, ‘In thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded!’ My heart was filled with love, peace, and joy, more than tongue can express. I was in a new world. I could truly say, ‘Unto you that believe He is precious.’ I stood the fire of the enemy seven hours.”

In the battle at Fontenoy, his brethren in the faith achieved triumphs no less signal over the terrors of the field. “When wounded, some cried out, ‘I am going to my beloved;’ and others, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’” Of one who said, “I have got a sore wound,” he asked, “Have you got Christ in your heart?” and the

answer was "I have, and I have had Him all this day." Another, "having both his legs taken off by a cannon ball, was laid across a cannon to die; where, as long as he could speak, he was praising God and blessing Him with joyful lips." And our author adds: "I have seen many good and glorious days, with much of the power of God; but I never saw more of it than this day. The hotter the battle grew, the more strength was given me."

If the Christian men who have rallied to the standard of the South, in large, perhaps unprecedented proportions, should realize, when the hour of peril comes, the calm of this "peace which passeth understanding," the thrill of this "joy which is unspeakable and full of glory," their arms can not fail to achieve whatever lies within the reach of a dauntless courage and the deserts of a righteous cause. "The Lord, mighty in battle," will war for them; and if they fall—entering into the rest that remains for His people—they will bequeath to their country freedom and the imperishable glory of their Christian heroism.

It is an expansion of the truth underlying these examples, not a transition from it, to recall the necessity of national purity to national prosperity. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," is the testimony of Holy Writ; and, following the vein of that passage, the poet sings:

" All true glory rests,
All praise of safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre by the margin of the sounding sea,
Palmyra central in the desert, fell!
And the arts died by which they had been raised."

THE DYING ALABAMIAN.*

BY G. W. ALEXANDER, CAPTAIN, AND A. P. M.

I gazed upon his pallid brow,
His eyes grew dim with tears;
“Have you a wife, my friend?” said I,
“Ah! one I’ve loved for years.

“And she is lone, yet not alone;
My babes around her cling,
And when they call on father’s name,
What tidings shall she bring?

“Alone! afar! in strangers’ hands,
I helpless, feeble, lay;
But friends around, they cool my wound;
I bless the glorious day.

“When vandal hosts, with many boasts,
Pollute our happy land,
True Southern hearts shall foil their arts,
And beat back the hireling band.

“But I grow weak — my heart is sick —
Death’s clammy touch is nigh;
Daughter, I bless thy kindness here —
For liberty I die!”

Reader, the story soon is told:
The warrior is at rest;
The soil he shed his life’s blood for
Now closes o’er his breast.

The mother, watching, sits at home;
The little cot looks gay;
But father, ah! he’ll come no more —
He died that glorious day.

* The incident which suggested this composition, occurred while the wife of the writer had charge of an impromptu hospital, and was nursing some Alabama soldiers.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION IN BATTLE.—When we think upon many recent battles it cheers the heart to reflect how many Christian warriors stood within the ranks marshalled upon our battle plains. The vast fountain of a Saviour's blood flowed freely there; and many an expiring soldier's cheek (when there was none to gaze upon it) was doubtless tinged with that brightness which covered the almost glorified face of Stephen, when "all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly upon him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. Doubtless many a Christian soldier fought his last fight upon the fields of Donelson and Shiloh. Many a quivering lip exclaimed there, with St. Paul, "Thanks be to God, who hath given me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Yes! how many a believing look and touch of faith and cry for mercy our Saviour graciously answered in those battles, will only be known in the day when the "Trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." For although Satan, the great enemy of our salvation, with his host of evil spirits, must have been almost visible there, pouring his maddening influences into every bosom he could enter—rage, revenge, cruelty, hatred, every deadly passion with its long train of evil deeds, revelling and exulting; still there also were ministering angels sent to "minister to the heirs of salvation." There was the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, whispering sweet comfort to the dying believer; pointing to those realms of peace and rest which remain for the children of God.

And there, also, oh, blissful thought! many a dying soldier beheld with the eye of faith the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," was the Saviour's

gracious reply to many an upward look. Then did the Redeemer "see of the travail of his soul and was satisfied;" and great must have been the joy, and sweet the song of the angels before the throne of God, over many a repentant sinner saved by grace, even amidst the very strife of battle.

I remember reading a most strikingly beautiful anecdote of an incident which occurred on board of one of the line-of-battle ships at the battle of Trafalgar. The ship had just fired a tremendous broadside against the enemy; and so terrific had been the concussion, that the ship itself was actually felt by those on board to leap as it were from the water at the violence of it. All was smothering darkness from the smoke. A deadly quietness and stillness for a moment prevailed, when an officer stationed near one of the guns heard a calm, peaceful voice near him exclaim: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters." In another instant all was noise, carnage, and death. After the engagement, the officer whose life was spared, deeply impressed, sought, alas! in vain, for the man whose lips had uttered those peaceful words; but that voice was hushed, that happy spirit had gained the haven of eternal rest.

VATER, ICH RUFE DICH!—A Battle Prayer, by Theodore Körner, the poet hero of the "War of Liberation," born September 21, 1791, at Dresden. On the breaking out of the war against Napoleon, he enlisted as a volunteer in Lutzow's corps, aiding the cause of freedom by the strength of his arm and the power of his muse. He fell in a skirmish near the Village of Gaden-

bush, on the 26th of August, 1812. The fiery tone pervading his lyrics, and the brilliant valor of the young volunteer, have procured him a greater fame in Germany than usually falls to the share of one who dies so young. Says Gödeche, "The fatal bullet deprived them of a man, but left to the youth of Germany the inspiring recollection of a hero." We give below an English version of one of his most interesting productions. The translation is by H. W. Dulcken, published in London, 1856, and never before printed in this country :

Father, I cry to thee !

Cannon smoke rolleth in clouds o'er me roaring,
War's jetting lightnings around me are pouring,
Lord of the battle, I cry to the—

Father, oh lead thou me !

Father, oh lead thou me !

Lead me as victor by death when I'm riven.
Lord, I acknowledge the law thou hast given :
Even as thou wilt, Lord, so lead thou me—

God, I acknowledge thee !

God, I acknowledge thee !

So where the autumn leaves rustle around me,
So when the thunders of battle surround me,
Fountain of grace, I acknowledge thee—

Father, oh bless thou me !

Father, oh bless thou me !

Into thy care commend I my spirit :
Thou canst reclaim what from thee I inherit ;
Living or dying, still bless thou me—

Father, I worship thee !

IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD CAUSE.—Says Napier in his Peninsular War, "A cause manifestly unjust is a heavy

weight upon the operations of a general; it reconciles men to desertion—it sanctifies want of zeal and is a pretext for cowardice; it renders hardships more irksome, dangers more obnoxious, and glory less satisfactory to the mind of the soldier.” If this be so, our soldiers should fight with a bravery and fortitude unparalleled in the annals of the world: for never had men so good a cause.

THE BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE.—This letter is written with all the freedom of the most private correspondence. It was never designed for the public eye, nor should it have seen the light but for one thing—it shows the power of *faith* to sustain the Christian amid the shock of battle and in the most imminent perils. I know that many soldiers will read this, and I sincerely trust that every one of them may see this and seek strength where it may be found. Noble countrymen! would to God you were all Christian soldiers.

“CENTREVILLE, December 30, 1861.

“*My dear Brother:* We received your kind letters this morning through the kindness of Mr. E. I would have written earlier, but I have been very busy since we came to this camp. At first we had to throw up fortifications, and of late we have been busy with our winter quarters. * * * * * I had yesterday (sabbath) almost entirely to myself—quite a treat, as I have been on duty every sabbath for more than two months. I left the camp, where nothing but the axe was to be heard, and strolled off by myself. I did not return till late in the evening, as I did not wish any dinner. I suppose ere this you have heard most of the

particulars of the late engagement. I wrote a detailed account of it to mother last week. It appears that the enemy had three brigades at Dranesville, and got some of the inhabitants to inform General Beauregard that there were *four hundred Yankees* there, driving off cattle and collecting forage. General Stewart was dispatched with four regiments and one battery, to capture them. After he found out their strength, he was compelled to make the attack to prevent their cutting off his train of two hundred wagons. The attack was so determined, that they, fearing that we were advancing in force, ceased firing about the same time we did, and double-quickened off the ground.

Our regiment, all things considered, did well. General S. said we "fought like devils," and that he intended giving us credit in his report. I suppose he thought he paid us a compliment. For my part, I hope I fought like a Christian. I have so often prepared myself for such a trial, that I was soon ready for whatever might come. Of course I thought of it much on the march, and when in a low tone we were bid "load and prepare for action," I prayed fervently for *courage*, and that I might be resigned to God's will, whatever it was. During the whole of the battle I was perfectly cool and self-possessed. Not one time did I feel like shrinking from my post. Once during the thickest of the fight, when the chances of life seemed desperate, a ball grazed my head, and others were cutting the ground about me; as I lay on the ground, a thought of home and the dear ones far away came into my mind; it was only for a moment, however, and I was again busily engaged in hurling the missiles of death into the ranks of the foe. I fired six times standing on my knees, and taking deliberate aim at the smoke of their

guns (they were lying down and could rarely be seen), and I am pretty sure I did not miss every time. It was as I wished. I never desired to see a man fall before my aim. There were three regiments firing on ours—one of them the famous Bucktail Rifles (regulars); and the Alabamians, who witnessed the effect of our fire, said it was dreadful. Surgeon B., who examined the ground next day, says that my company must have been in the hottest of the fight—every bush where we lay was cut down. I remember that I could see to shoot much better toward the last than at first. I attributed it to the smoke clearing off. Oh, how thankful I feel to my heavenly Father, for his protection and *support*. When we thank Him for his providential care, let us not forget to ask Him for the courage to perform our duty.”

The writer of the preceding letter has since been severely wounded and his younger brother and two cousins killed in the battles near Richmond.

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES.—1. In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion : in the secret of his Tabernacle shall He hide me ; He shall set me up on a rock. Ps. xxvii, 5.

2. Wait on the Lord : be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart ; wait, I say, on the Lord. Ps. xxvii, 14.

3. O my God, I trust in thee ; let me not be ashamed ; let not mine enemies triumph over me. Ps. xxv, 2.

4. The Lord is my strength and my shield ; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped. Ps. xxviii, 7.

5. The Lord will give strength unto his people: the Lord will bless his people with peace. Ps. xxix, 11.

6. Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart; all ye that hope in the Lord. Ps. xxxi, 24.

7. For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him. Ps. xxxii, 6.

OUR CAUSE THE CAUSE OF GOD—ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.—In 1796 I heard the farmer referred to narrate the following incident: When the British army held possession of New York, and Washington with the American army lay near West Point, one morning at sunrise I went forth to bring home the cows. On passing a clump of brushwood I heard a moaning sound like a person in distress; on nearing the spot, I heard the words of a man at prayer; I listened behind a tree; the man came forth: it was George Washington, the captain of the Lord's host in North America. This farmer was a member of the Society of Friends, who, being opposed to war under any pretext, was lukewarm, and, in some cases, opposed to the cause of the country; he was a Tory. However, having seen the General enter the camp, he went to his own house; said he to his wife, Martha, we must not oppose this war any longer; this morning I heard the man George Washington send up a prayer to heaven for his country, and I know it will be heard. This Friend dwelt between the lines, and sent Washington many items concerning the movements of the enemy, which rendered good service.

From this incident we may infer that Washington rose with the sun to pray for his country. He fought for her at meridian, and watched for her at midnight.

A TRUE PATRIOT—THE LATE BISHOP MEADE.—An affecting incident occurred during the closing hours of the late venerable Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. A distinguished leader of the Confederate army, General Lee, whom the good Bishop had known from his boyhood, was present, when, with his dying accents, he thus addressed him: "I have known you, General, from a boy, and have always loved you. You know how slow my mind was in coming to the conclusion I have held from the moment of Virginia's secession. But sir (with great solemnity), it is a RIGHTEOUS CAUSE; it is a RIGHTEOUS CAUSE. Do your utmost for that cause. You are a Christian soldier. Trust in God, and (laying his hands on his head, as Jacob of old laid his hands on the head of Joseph) God will bless you."

The stern soldier's face was bathed in tears, as were the faces of all present. The words were uttered with the hesitating utterance and solemn aspect of a dying man. Who can doubt his duty when he hears such a man thus speak, one whose life was illustrious for piety, virtue, and wisdom, and who had been *all his life long, up to the hour of Lincoln's proclamation, one of the strongest Union men in Virginia.*

The following extract from the funeral sermon delivered on Bishop Meade by Bishop Johns, will be read and pondered with deep interest:

"For several days and nights his manly frame bore the assault with extraordinary powers of endurance, and his Christian spirit, strengthened by the word of God, sustained his great bodily suffering with exem-

plary patience. 'Read me,' he said to a friend, 'a portion of the sacred Scriptures.' 'What shall I read?' 'The history of the crucifixion.' And when this was done he observed: 'Yes, six hours did our Lord suffer the intense agony of the cross, and that for us—for our sins—and shall we complain of our sufferings. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"' Throughout the severe struggle of nature his mind was clear, his faith strong, and his hope steadfast.

Few things impressed me more, during the last days of his life, than his perfect naturalness. Affectation in every form and degree was always disgusting to him—what are termed scenes in connection with religious character and experience, especially on the supposed nearness of death, he regarded with no favor. He was so accustomed to bear his religion about him in all his intercourse with men, and all his secular business—and so in the habit of bearing both with him in his hours of devotion at a throne of grace—that they were not kept separate and apart, as if incompatible, but intermingled continually in his thoughts and sympathies, and came out in close relation in his speech. It was strikingly and instructively so during his last illness. In health he habitually thought and acted as if there were but a step between him and death, judgment, and eternity; and when he knew and said that the ensuing night and following day would end his connection with earth, the welfare of his country and the interests of his friends were as near his heart, and as emphatically on his lips, as if he expected to share their portion here for many years. To one of his respected presbyters who was at his bedside taking leave of him, he thus closed his solemn counsel: 'Speak boldly to your people. Tell them to persevere in sustaining their country in this struggle.

The war against us is iniquitous. I am persuaded that God is with us and will give us success.'

He knew that the courageous spirit of a living general would not be hindered but helped by the presence and power of the constraining love of Christ, and he had no fear that the faith and purity of a dying Bishop would be impaired by the glow of genuine patriotism. He was on his death-bed precisely what we all saw him to be in life, except his sufferings.

On Thursday morning, the day before his death, he requested others who were present to retire that he might communicate something to me in private. When we were alone he said :

'I wish to bear my testimony on some things of importance.

'The views of evangelical truth and order which I have held and advocated for fifty years, I approve—and exhort my brethren, North and South, to promote more than ever.

'My course in civil affairs I also approve—resistance to secession at first—till circumstances made it unavoidable. I trust the South will persevere in separation.

'I believe there are thousands in the North who condemn the course of their administration toward us, and in time will express themselves openly.

'The prospect of rest from sin and suffering is attractive, though I am willing to remain and take my part in the labors and trials which may be before us.

'My hope is in Christ, "the Rock of Ages." I have no fear of death, and this not from my courage but from my faith.

'The present seems a proper time for my departure. I am at peace with God through Jesus Christ my Lord, and in charity with all men, even our bitterest enemies.

'All that has ever been said in commendation of me I loathe and abhor, as utterly inconsistent with my consciousness of sin.

'I commend you and all my brethren to the tender mercies of Christ, and pray for His blessings on the Church in Virginia.'

When he ceased I withdrew to the adjoining room, and, in conformity with his suggestion, immediately committed the testimony to writing, and availed myself of the earliest opportunity to read it to him, and receive his affirmation of its accuracy.

Such, beloved brethren, was the special commission to which I referred, and from the painful execution of which I could not shrink.

The message is duly delivered. 'The weighty words of the wise leader—his legacy of love—are with you.

Death has since sealed his lips in silence. He has fought a good fight—finished his course—kept the faith—received the crown of righteousness, and entered in his glorious rest. If the gift which I covet for you and myself, 'a double portion of his spirit,' depended on the condition named to Elisha, that blessing would be ours—for I witnessed his departure, and cried from my heart: 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' "

THE DYING WORDS OF OUR FALLEN HEROES — LIVING MOTTOES FOR THE BRAVE.—Let the spirit of our many brave, and, we believe, Christian men, animate to deeds of patriotic valor every Confederate soldier. Let the dying words of the Rev. Captain Harrison, who received five bullets—the fifth directly through his breast while

cheering and leading on his men — ring in each clansman's ears: "Company 'K,' you have no captain now, but never give up — never surrender!" Let the dying words of his brother, Peyton, who fell in a perilous but splendid and victorious charge at Manassas, pierced in the breast: "Lay me down—I am ready to die—you can do no more for me; rally to the charge!"* arouse every patriotic emotion, like a peal of thunder, or as a voice from heaven.

Let the last words of the gallant Bee become the watchword of every Southern heart: "Let us, fellow-soldiers, determine to die here, and we will conquer." Let Bartow's dying words, as he fell, leading up his regiment to the assault of a battery: "Boys, they have killed me, but never give up this field to the enemy," be "engraved in your heart of hearts," † and thus

"Snatch from the ashes of our sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny will quake to hear."

* See "The Confederate Hero."

† The *Richmond Dispatch* says: General Bartow died a noble and brave death. He first received a shot which shattered one of his feet; but even in this disabled condition he maintained his place at the head of his men. He had reached a fence which crossed the direction of his charge, and was supporting himself, waving his sword and cheering his gallant band on to the fight, when some miscreant's ball pierced his brave heart.

The loss of the enemy in the recent battle is variously estimated at from five to ten thousand. Our own loss, which was estimated at five hundred, will, I think, be less, as many who have been reported dead are still living. General Bartow fell before Sherman's battery. A company he had formerly commanded—the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, of Savannah—were lying on their backs loading their muskets, when a perfect storm of balls came in among them, wounding

OUR CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.—*Messrs. Editors:* The following extracts from a private letter, although never intended for the public eye, by request are placed at your disposal. Let every reader mark the spirit and tone of the true patriot. Can such spirit be conquered? Such may *fall* in the deadly conflict, but their children will shoulder the musket, “and, if needs be, die in the same glorious cause.”

A**.

“CORINTH, MISS., March 17, 1862.

“*My Dear S.:* It has been my unhappy lot to be in suspense for more than two months. I have written you often, and on every possible occasion.

“I have been marching for thirty days, and have at last come to a halt. We arrived here on yesterday from Decatur, which place we left on Tuesday last. We have suffered much during our march, but not to be compared to our forefathers of '76.

“I, for one, am willing to suffer for years, and be deprived of all luxuries, save enough of the staff of life to support me. I, for one, will *never* submit to Lincoln's rule. I am willing to *die* for the Confederacy, and should this be my lot, feel that I had died in a glorious cause.

“We are expecting a big fight here in a few days, perhaps it may commence to-morrow; and I have no

many of them. He seemed perfectly infuriated at this havoc among his *proteges*, and, *seizing* the colors, rushed forward, saying “he would take Sherman's battery, or die in the attempt.” It was with his second wound he fell—the first one having injured his foot.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* reports, concerning the ill-fated Garnett:

When the rebel general was shot, he was on foot, waving his men back to the conflict. He had waded the Cheat river, on foot, with his men, and when he fell his pantaloons were all dripping with water.

But but it will last two or three days, unless we are successful and drive the enemy back into his gunboats. We have a very strong force here now, which is increasing rapidly every day. We feel confident of success, notwithstanding our late reverses. I pray God to aid us in our *holy* cause. If *He* is for us, we may defy the whole world. He *will* shield and protect us from all harm.

I may be killed in battle—God only knows, I pray that I may be spared, not for my sake, but for the sake of my bleeding country, my dear wife, and lovely children. But if it be necessary for me to die, I shall die with my face toward the enemy; and should the war continue fifteen or twenty years, I desire W—— to be sent to a military academy until he is able to join the army—*then I wish him to shoulder his musket and, if need be, die in the same glorious cause.*

A SCENE AT RICHMOND.—But yesterday, the finest bodies of troops I have ever seen marched through our streets to join their fortunes with those already on the peninsula. It was announced from the pulpits that they would be here at certain hours, *and hungry*. When they arrived, Richmond turned out with the fat of the land, and fed her defenders sumptuously. All the market baskets in town were groaning with provisions. Even meat wagons were crowded with delicate and substantial edibles. *Here* you could see a soldier with a loaf in one hand and a beef's tongue in the other; *there*, another with his pie and tenderloin; and *yonder*, a third feasting upon turkey or cold chicken. The numbers to be supplied were great, but the miracles of the loaves and the fishes seemed to have been enacted over again. And

when satiated, they were regaled with the best Havannas in our market. The fairer portion of creation were there in mass, waiting upon the hungry and way-worn, chatting with them, cheering and encouraging them, and the latter seemed to have been more than inspired by such attentions—for the brave always love the fair. In the midst of this brief season of recreation and amusement, the President arrived. In his own peculiar and inimitably eloquent manner, he addressed the champions of our cause; and as sentence followed sentence, there were cheers after cheers—clenched fists and fiery eyes to respond. It was one of the most beautiful addresses to which I have ever listened: solemn, impressive, bold, defiant, and self-reliant. He told the men that they could be outnumbered, perhaps two to one; but with such material, he had no fears as to the result.

And in conclusion, raising his voice to Demosthenic beauty, "You," said he, "who carry with you mothers' blessings and affections, may the God of armies and battles guide and protect you in prosecuting the noblest cause ever entrusted to freemen!"

A PICTURE TOO ELOQUENT FOR WORDS.—On the outskirts of the pretty little Village of Citronelle, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, as the 17th Regiment Alabama Volunteers passed rapidly by, my eye was attracted to a house not far from the road, and then my attention was instantly riveted in admiration, by one of those natural pictures which never fail to arrest the attention of every beholder; a picture, though silent, yet more eloquent than any words can ever be.

A young and beautiful mother stood on the piazza, her

eyes toward heaven, turned as if silently breathing a prayer, whilst in her arms she held up to the view of the stalwart soldiers her darling babe; not a word was said by the mother, not a shout was heard from the soldiers. Voice answered not unto voice, but heart answered unto heart, through the curious mesmerism of the soul. As quick as lightning flash, eyes unused to weep were filled with tears. The fabled power of a magician's wand could not have wrought so suddenly such an effect. Though she uttered not one word, this mother, by this living, breathing, moving picture, said to the soldiers: "My country, your country, is invaded and its soil polluted by a ruthless foe, who scorns your rights and disregards the claims of such as me and mine. His cruelties cry aloud for the avenging arms of Southern powers. Save me and my child! Save all the mothers and children from the foul hand of such a foe! Save our sunny South from the vandalism of the North!"

Every arm in that stalwart crowd was nerved with tenfold power. Every heart resolved to die in defence of our homes, our wives, and children, and every one resolved that the footsteps of the haughty invaders should be traced in blood.

This picture shall never fade from our memories. Those words never spoken by human lips have been photographed on our hearts. In the midst of the battle roar, when the din and strife of struggling hosts shall thicken around us—this picture will again loom up before our eyes—this mother and child will again stand up before us, types of those we love at home. And who would not die for such as these? Our mothers, our wives, stand at home to-day, with our babes in their arms, pleading for protection, and a prayer from every mother's heart ascends devoutly up to God to shield us from all harm.

TROUBLE THE SINNER'S FRIEND.—There is a story told, that in the olden times Artaxerxes and another great king were engaged in a furious fight. In the middle of the battle a sudden eclipse happened, and such was the horror of all the warriors that they made peace there and then. Oh, if an eclipse of trouble should induce you to ground arms and seek to be reconciled unto God! Sinner, you are fighting against God, lifting the arm of your rebellion against him. Happy shall you be if that trouble which is now fallen upon you should lead you to throw down the weapons of your rebellion, and fly to the arms of God and say: "Lord have mercy upon me a sinner." It will be the best thing that thou hast ever had. Thy trouble will be far better to thee than joys could have been, if thy sorrows shall induce thee to fly to Jesus, who can make peace through the blood of his cross.

STONEWALL JACKSON.—A letter from near Winchester, speaking of events before our army evacuated the place, says: At the Union prayer meeting (of all denominations) one afternoon, that gallant soldier and pious man, *General (Stonewall) Jackson was present and led in prayer.* At the upper table some professing Christians, when told of it, expressed regret at not having been present. Had they known "that Gen. Jackson was to have been there," they would certainly have gone. Alas! they forgot that a greater than Jackson, or any other mere man, had promised to meet with his people, even the Lord of life and glory. It is certainly a gratifying fact, that General Jackson is an active, humble, consistent Christian—restraining profanity and sabbath-breaking—

welcoming army colporteurs, distributing tracts, and anxious to have every regiment in his army supplied with a chaplain. Would that all our leaders were men who thus served God, and looked to Him for help.

THANKSGIVING.—A private letter received from a soldier in the army of General Jackson, states that after the battle of McDowell, they pursued the enemy as far as Franklin, in Pendleton county. For good reasons, the pursuit there ceased on Monday, 12th inst. Before starting back, appropriate religious services were observed in the army, as a *thanksgiving* to God for blessing them with victory. This was done by the arrangement of their pious and heroic general. None but "*the fool*" who "*hath said in his heart there is no God,*" will have the hardihood to insinuate, before an intelligent and Christian nation, the sentiment that *special prayers*, or special thanksgivings, are just *at this crisis out of place*—that they have had their day, but there is not *time* for them *now*—that *action*, and not prayer is now demanded, etc. Every man of sense knows that a true spirit of prayer is the very nerve of energy. But "*the fool*" will turn up once in a while, and often in the exact time when his master, the Devil, sends him. It is a comfort to know they will both *turn down* again after a little; and as God shows "*all long suffering,*" let us also "*be patient.*"

[To be continued.]

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5